

The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
And in his rowling eyes, sits victory,
As if she ever ment to correct his valour:
His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speakes, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyeaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,
He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold,
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. Ther's another,
A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming
As great as any: fairer promises
In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.

Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,
Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes they are well.

Mess. Me thinkes,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they show
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble set,
Which shoves an active soule; his armes are brawny
Linde with strong sinewes: To the shoulder peece,
Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,
Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,
But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's gray'eyd,
Which yeelds compassion where he conquers: sharpe
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
He shoves a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it sticke the favour of his Lady:

His age, some six and thirtie. In his h
He beares a charging Staffe, embost v

Thef. Are they all thus?

Per. They are all the sonnes of h

Thef. Now as I have a soule I lo
Lady you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,

But not the cause my Lord; They w
Bravely about the Titles of two King
Tis pittie Love should be so tyranno
O my soft harted Sister, what thinke
Weepe not, till they weepe blood; V

Thef. You have steeld 'em with
To you I give the Feild; pray order
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Per. Yes Sir.

Thef. Come, I'll goe visit 'em: I c
Their fame has fir'd me so; Till the
Good Friend be royall.

Per. There shall want no brave

Emilia. Poore wench goe weepe
Looses a noble Cosen, for thy sins.

Scena 3. Enter Iailor, &

Doff. Her distraction is more at f
Then at other some, is it not?

Iay. She is continually in a harmel
Little, altogether without appetite,
Dreaming of another world, and a b
Broken peece of matter so ere she's
Palamon lardes it, that she farces ev

Withall, fyts it to every question;
She comes, you shall perceive her l

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The
A downe a, and pend by no worse
Giralds, Emilia as Schoolemaster; h
Fantastickall too, as ever he may go
For in the next world will *Dido* s

His